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Story of The Tempest





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STORY
OF
THE TEMPEST

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THE STORY OF THE TEMPEST.

INTRODUCTION.

The Tempest is one of the latest of Shakespeare's plays, and some critics consider it the last one he wrote. It was written between 1603 and 1612, but no one seems to know the year of its completion. The play, which is a comedy, is supposed to be founded upon the expedition of Sir George Somers, Sir Thomas Gates and Captain Newport, who with nine ships and a large company of people set out for Virginia in May, 1609. Somers, Gates and Newport were among those on the ship known as the *Sea Venture*, and on July 25, during a great storm, this ship was separated from the others and supposed to have been lost. The fate of Gates and Somers was not known for nearly a year, when it was learned through Gates' return and a narrative published about that time that the *Sea Venture* was driven upon the Bermudas and that most of the company found shelter on one of those islands, which is referred to in the play as the "still vexed Bermoothes."

Owing to the dangerous reefs surrounding the Bermudas they had not at this time been explored, and superstitious sailors believed them to be enchanted. The poet avails himself of this belief to endow the people, whom he describes the ship-wrecked mariners as finding there, with supernatural powers. The story that follows is doubtless based upon some old European legend.

The leading characters are:

Alonzo, King of Naples

Sebastian, his Brother

Prospero, the rightful Duke of Milan

The Tempest

Antonio, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan

Ferdinand, son of the King of Naples

Gonzalo, a gentleman of Prospero's Court.

Caliban, a savage and deformed Slave

Trinculo, a Jester

Stephano, a drunken Butler

Miranda, daughter of Prospero

Ariel, an airy Spirit.

THE TEMPEST.

PROSPERO, THE MAGICIAN.

Almost five hundred years ago, there were living alone together, on one of the small, verdant islands of the Atlantic Ocean, an aged magician, Prospero, and his daughter whom he had named Miranda. Miranda means "the wonderful," and truly wonderful was she; beautiful as an angel, so good that she seemed to link heaven with earth, and wiser than many of the most brilliant princesses of Europe.

It was among ideal surroundings that lovely Miranda had grown to young womanhood; for she had never had a companion save the bright plumaged birds, sweet perfumed flowers, and, at night, the quiet stars of heaven. She had had no amusements save watching the red rose unfold its great petals, harkening to the twitterings of the sapphire and whidah bird, or scampering along the shore to elude the white-crested waves which leaped over the sharp crags to kiss her feet. Miranda was a true child of nature, innocent as a babe of the customs and artful practices of young men and maidens who, under usual circumstances, would have been her mates.

According to the deep laid plan of the magician Prospero, whose whole soul was rapt up in the welfare of his daughter, Miranda had been kept in total ignorance of the conditions of her birth. How then could this

timid girl ever have dreamed that she was a princess in her own right, a ruler over one of the lordliest principalities in Italy, over rich Milan? Yet this was her rank; for Prospero, though living on a deserted island, was really an aristocrat, the honored Duke of Milan, who, through treachery, had been driven out of the fair land which was his birthright.

Prospero was a student rather than a ruler of men. Nothing so delighted him as to retire from the public gaze and, rapt in the solitude of his extensive library, delve into the written wealth of the world. Such a course easily won for Prospero fame as a profound scholar; but it left him little time for state-craft. Thus had it happened that, in his perplexity, Prospero had turned to his handsome young brother, Antonio, asking him, as a favor, to assume control over the signore, or dukedom.

Now handsome young Antonio was eager and full of brimming life. He craved popularity and his heart burned with boundless ambition. No sooner had he tasted the joy of ruling thousands of people than he began to ache to make that power his own. "My father was Duke. I am as royal blooded as Prospero, and as ably as he can I reign! Why should the old book-worm stand in my light? If I can but make these stupid people forget the love they bear him! Ah—!" Antonio's eyes gleamed wickedly.

From the moment that this dark idea had taken root in his mind, Antonio schemed, by night and by day, how to advance to positions of trust those who would in the future help him in a dark and wicked plan which he was brooding, and in taking from offices of trust those whom he feared would be loyal to the real duke, Prospero. As a result of such methods it was not long, therefore, before he had in his keeping the tuning key of the realm, and could set all hearts in the state to what tune pleased his ear. As Prospero himself once bitterly said;

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"he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't."

The lust for power had sounded the depths of Antonio's evil nature. He had warped his conscience, and

like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a singer of his memory,
To credit his own lie,

Antonio began to believe that it was he who was the real Duke of Milan. His treacherous thoughts had already displaced his loving, trusting brother. The next step was to bodily evict Prospero from his own dukedom.

In order to accomplish his base object, Antonio formed an alliance with Alonzo, King of Naples, and known throughout all Italy as the bitterest foe to Prospero. According to the compact, Antonio would give homage, even to subjecting his coronet to the crown of Naples, in addition to a yearly tribute of vast sums of gold. Alonzo, for his part, was to aid in driving Prospero from Milan, and in placing the imperial power of the unfortunate dukedom in the hands of the unworthy Antonio. Consequently, at a late hour, one inky black night, Antonio crept stealthily to the great iron gates of the city, with his own hands, swung them open to admit a gang of ruffians who were to hound Milan, seize Prospero and his infant daughter, Miranda, and hurry them out to sea.

Both Antonio and Alonzo knew well the love which the common Milanese had always borne the aged Prospero, and fearing their quick revenge, should they hear that Prospero had been killed, it was planned that "with colors fairer painted, their foul ends should be." So while a pouring rain was lashing against their faces, the good king and the baby princess were crowded on board

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd
Nor tackle, sail, nor masts; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it.

Here they were left to the mercy of the breakers surging ragefully about them, and, as Prospero said years later, "to sigh to the winds, whose pity, sighing back again, did us but loving wrong."

Crushed by Antonio's ingratitude, besides being half famished, and sick almost to death from wet and cold, Prospero could never have kept alive had it not been for the cheering comfort of the cherub, Miranda, who cooed and gurgled so trustingly at him that, for her sweet sake, he resolved to fight for a chance of life. However, Prospero's courageous struggle would have availed nothing had it not been for the loving foresight of Gonzalo, one of the gentlemen of his court. Lord Gonzalo had managed to smuggle into the boat, though at great risk of detection, food, fresh water, rich raiment with linen necessities. Hidden under these were certain precious books on witchcraft, from Prospero's own library, which the old monarch had valued above his dukedom. Thanks to Gonzalo's help, Prospero and Miranda managed to keep barely alive, and finally drifted, in an almost exhausted condition, to the wonderously beautiful island which was to be their home for so many happy years.

Of course Prospero was totally ignorant of all directions and knew nothing of the land on which he was stranded. After lying on the beach for a day, he so far recovered strength as to be able to hobble on a staff down a broad path which led inland from the sea. This road was lined on either side with gigantic cypress which furnished refreshing shade from the intense rays of the sun. At the end of the road, a deep mouthed cave opened. Tears of joy rolled down Prospero's cheeks when he saw it, and thanking God for their deliverance, he crawl-

ed into the hollow rock and made of it a rude home for himself and his helpless infant. Here they were protected from the weather and possible wild beasts, and as time went by, they came to love their strange, rude home. As soon as Miranda could lisp, Prospero started to teach her how to read his great books, and to write. In fact, his chief pleasure was to devote hours each day to instructing his golden curled little daughter, with the result, that had she been on the continent, she would have been considered a very brilliant young woman. What extra time Prospero had, was spent in studying witchcraft and magic from the very books saved to him by good old Gonzalo. This unusual knowledge served him in good stead, for by it he very soon learned that in the lichen covered rocks about him an old hag had once imprisoned numbers of good spirits, which, liberated would be willing servants for him, and loving attendants for his daughter.

These gentle fairies had been chained in torture by a blue-eyed hag named Sycarox who was so venomous and hateful that, in sheer ugliness, she had bent over and grown in the shape of a hoop. For her practices in witchcraft, too terrible for human thought, she had been driven from her former home in Algiers, and carried to this lone isle with her mis-shapen son. Fearfully dreaded had she been because of her awful power; for she had control over even the moon, and made the tide to ebb and flow. Moreover, Sycarox used her influence for nought but evil, and those who would not help her in her wicked designs, were imprisoned in trees and rocks.

The tricky Ariel was one of the delicate spirits whom Sycarox had confined in a cloven pine. For twelve long years had the dainty little Ariel been thus tortured, groaning till it "did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts of ever angry bears."

Just before the coming of Prospero, Sycarox had

died, leaving the island in possession of her deformed son, Caliban, a thing half man, half fish, with arms like fins, and a body covered with the long hair of a monkey. Altogether, Caliban was too ugly to look upon with his huge jaw, and pointed, protruding teeth. Besides, he had the nature of a wolf, was malicious and discontented, and utterly incapable of being won by gentleness.

One day, as Prospero was strolling about the island, he saw something that caused him to grip his magic wand the tighter, and draw back in afright. For lying flat on the ground, his feet splashing in a puddle of dirty water, his chin resting on his hands, and looking far out over the sea, was the beast-man, Caliban. "Here, fellow!" called Prospero when he had recovered from his astonishment, for he concluded now that the island, which he had hitherto supposed deserted, was inhabited by a race of just such monsters. "Here fellow!"

And Caliban, thinking some strange beast was growling at him, turned leisurely on his elbow, and loudly gibbered, as though to drive the strange animal away, in sounds which commingled the grunts of a boar and the twitterings of a blue jay.

From this, Prospero saw at once that Caliban had the mind of an animal as well as its shape, and having suffered himself, he pitied the poor wretch and determined to teach him. So the old magician took the monster home, lodged him in one of the chambers of his cell, and was kind to him until Caliban soon learned not to cower at his foot step, but to look up and smile. Years later, when Caliban had grown to hate his protector, he still had to admit to him:

"Thou strokedst me and madst much of me, wouldst
give me

Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night."

Likewise, had the lovely Miranda taught Caliban those things which her father had so carefully taught her, and, in return for such gentleness, Caliban had loved them both, and showed his master

“all the qualities o’ the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.”

As Caliban was leading Prospero to a reef of beautiful coral, one day, the old Duke was attracted by low groans which seemed to be tearing a human body.

“What’s that, Caliban?” asked Prospero in alarm, his hand to his ear, and the beads of water standing out on his forehead at the agony of the sounds he heard. “Let us make haste to help!”

Whereupon Caliban, a crafty grimace on his face, wriggled his way over the ground, and directed his master to the knotted pine in which he knew that the sweet Ariel was imprisoned. Horror-stricken at such brutality, Prospero clutched tightly the magical cross on his bosom, gave three twists of his mystical, white wand, and lo! Ariel sprang out of the tree, the dainty Ariel, looking just as when the foul witch Sycarox had cast her baneful spell over him.

With a breaking cry of relief Ariel had sprung to the feet of Prospero, his long yellow curls dancing on his shoulders, and each leaf in the cypress chaplet that encircled his head quivering with the fresh winds to which, for so long, they had been unaccustomed. Very dainty and pure did Ariel look in his silk tunic, varied in color as the clouds of the heaven, with his gaily hued stockings, and scarf that folded over his right shoulder, matching in tone the saffron of his little wings. So overcome with gratitude was the good spirit, that he fairly prostrated himself on the ground before Prospero, offering to be his helpful servant, ministering to him and to his small daughter.

Hereafter Prospero had two servants, though the kind

old Duke came to acknowledge that he had made a mistake in trying to teach the brute Caliban who proved unworthy of the thought and care showered upon him. For Caliban very soon objected to fetching fresh water, and to chopping wood till, in order to get him to do anything at all, Prospero had to threaten him, saying:

“Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou’rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug’st thou, malice?
If thou neglect’st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I’ll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy’din.”

Such language Caliban could understand, and only then would he move slowly off, muttering sullenly under his breath: “This isle’s mine! He stole it from me, and made me his slave! True, he taught me his language, and now I’ll curse him with it! ‘Oh wicked dew that my mother once gathered on raven’s wings from unwholesome fen, drop on them both, and blister Prospero all over’.” Sputtering thus to himself, Caliban would whack indifferently at the huge logs for the fire, though he knew all along that his powerful master could read his innermost thoughts, and that in return for his ugliness he would that very night have side stitches which would choke his breath away. Fairies, too would jump on him, pinching him “as thick as honey-comb, each pinch more stinging than bees that made ‘em.”

“He’ll set his spirits on me, I know,” grumbled Caliban, “and this night they’ll come to me

‘Sometimes like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footballs; sometimes am I
All wounds with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.’”

Gradually the gentle Miranda came to loathe Caliban, and she could not look at him when she passed the pen of rocks in which Prospero had had to confine him because of his treachery. And yet, till Miranda had reached the age of eighteen, Caliban was the only man, excepting her father, whom she had ever seen.

As Prospero was studying a chart of the stars, one sunny afternoon, shut alone in his chamber, he jumped suddenly to his feet, cape pulled close about him and cap drawn tightly over his bald head, and raised his white wand heavenward. His eyes were darting flames, and the muttering that passed his lips seemed to indicate happiness, closely akin to a boyish whistle. All the time his old face twitched and quivered as though he were holding in great glee. He was casting a spell, and uttering an incantation.

"My chance, at last!" he almost shouted. Then, in an excess of excitement he called Ariel to him, bidding him change into a water nymph, invisible to all eyes save those of his master. He was to ride on the backs of the clouds and of the sea waves till he reached a huge white vessel out in the sea. This he was to board, darting on the prow, between the quarter deck and fore-castle, in the cabin, on the top mast of the yards, on the bowsprit, all the while darting forth flames of fire to excite those on board with the wildest fright, and to urge to frenzy with cracks of fire and sulphurous roarings and claps of thunder more terrible than those of omnipotent Jove. Besides all this, he was to raise a heavy storm of rain.

Prospero's strange excitement was due to the fact that he had just learned, through his magic power, that Alonzo of Naples was returning home after having married his daughter, Claribel, to the Prince of Tunis, and that the vessels carrying him and his party were not far distant off the coast. With Alonzo and his

handsome son Ferdinand were Antonio, Prospero's false brother, and good old Gonzalo besides a number of gentlemen of the court. Prospero's plan was to shipwreck them so that they would all land on his island, where they would be at the mercy of his power.

According, then, to the commands which Prospero had given him, Ariel raised a terrific gale out of a beautifully blue and serene sky. Somewhat surprised at such changeable weather, Alonzo and his friends were retiring to the cabin when they found themselves being thrown against the rails of the vessel, for Ariel had so managed it that they were being hurled against a rugged promontory. A very few seconds later, even before the signal of danger had really been given, the air was rent with the crew's shouts of "we split, we split!" Alonzo, very loath to die, rushed about the plunging deck, clasping his hands, and imploring the master to save the vessel. Gonzalo, who had spent all his life trying to comfort others, tried to make light of the danger, and picking out the boatswain, whom he thought had an especially tough looking face, he used him for the target of a joke, remarking: "We'll all be saved with that fellow over yonder. 'Me thinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows.'"

But in spite of the efforts of the crew, whom the boatswain encouraged all he could with gaily calling, above the roar of the breakers, "Heigh, my hearties! my hearts! Cheerily, cheerily! My hearts! Yare! Yare!" it was soon evident that the vessel was lost. Throwing away the rigging to lighten the boat was of no use, and the stark eyed sailors had just rushed into the cabin where King Alonzo and his party were at prayer when the boat split in two, a sharp crag having bored through her hull.

"All's lost!" was the cry of despair, and the other vessels, watching the wreck, were powerless to help.

In the midst of all the tumult, Prince Ferdinand, lusty and loving life, seemed to be the most collected, and realizing that clinging to the boat meant sure death, he risked a chance of swimming to the shore, and was the first to plunge headlong into the seething waves. Thrusting out his powerful arms in long strokes, he was bending every effort for the shore, forgetful of his companions who, in turn, forgot him, so eager was each for his own safety.

Happy with the mischief he had caused at the order of his master Ariel flew over the heads of the Neapolitans, struggling in the rough waves, and returned to the aged magician.

"My brave spirit," said Prospero lovingly as he stroked the saffron wings of his little sprite, "was there one among them all who was not terrified by my storm?"

And the frisky little demon Ariel, chuckling as only a sprite can chuckle, answered, "Like madmen were they all, and all but the crew quit the vessel, and plunged wildly into the foaming brine." Brave as handsome Prince Ferdinand was, his hair had raised on ends, stiff as the reeds on a river bank, and he had yelled, as he jumped, so terrified was he at the danger, "Hell is empty, and all the devils are here!"

Though Prospero's work may seem cruel, his plan was really a kind one for he intended that none should drown or, in any way, be injured. Ariel had special orders to lead the gallant young prince to a shady nook on the shore where he left him, almost exhausted from his long struggle, sitting with head drooped on his breast, arms crossed in dejection, and the water forming in pools about him while he moaned aloud for his father and friends. Little did the heartbroken Ferdinand imagine that all the Neapolitans were as safe as he. But Ariel, careful of his trust, had guided the crew, which

had not jumped from the doomed boat, to a safe harbor on the coast of the island, and, safely stowed under the hatches, they were all peacefully sleeping. As for his father Alonzo with Antonio and their freinds, they had all been washed to shore some two miles down the coast, where even now they mourned young Ferdinand as lost to them. The rest of the fleet, having seen what they supposed to be the entire destruction of the king's ship, were already sadly bound for home to report the disaster.

The day of the wreck, after her father had soothed Miranda, and promised her that none were to suffer in the terrible storm which he had raised, she was sitting near the door of their cave weaving herself a chaplet of long grasses. She was very happy in her simple amusement, and a tender smile lighted her face, making her more lovely then ever. Stooping to pull another long red grass, the song on her lips was checked, the warm blush rushed madly into her cheeks, and she dropped her crown to clutch her heart. She had risen from her rock seat, and stood panting as she gazed speechless into the brown eyes of a handsome sprite, she thought him, arrayed in purple velvet and silver who was but a few rods from her, and holding her look with his which spoke open eyed admiration.

The handsome sprite was, of course, no other than Prince Ferdinand. Ariel had capered about his head while he sat mourning his father, circling in and out, having always an invisible form, playing and singing so melodiously that Ferdinand, perforce, forgot his sorrow, and longed only to follow the seducing music, and learn wherefrom it came.

“Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, Hark!

Bough, Wough.

The watch-dogs bark:

Bough, wough.

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticlere

Cry cock-a-doodle-do.

At first Ferdinand was undecided whether the music came from heaven or earth, so cleverly did Ariel play his tabor. One fact, however, was certain. The music was not mortal; but was probably the homage which spirits were paying the god of the island. Raising himself with an effort, for his body was sore and exhausted, Ferdinand followed, with uncertain step, the music which every so often ceased and then burst out again with renewed sweetness, never, however, giving any hint as to its source.

As Prospero had foreseen, the music gradually soothed Ferdinand. His spirit became calm, and he forgot the loss of his father. But, suddenly, Ariel broke into a new song which turned like a knife in the heart of Ferdinand:

“Full fathoms five thy father lies;

Of his bones are corral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes;

Nothing of him that doth fade

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring is knell:

Ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

Trembling with awe at the words which the spirit sang, Ferdinand crossed himself devoutly, and muttered solemnly, “this is no mortal business, nor no sound that the earth owes.”

Under the fascination of Ariel’s melodies, the young prince had continued to follow the spirit’s guidance,

though his tears had started to flow at the mention of his lost father. And so when he came thus suddenly upon the beautiful Miranda, he thought that it was the glisten in his eyes that made him see before him this maiden, fairer to his mind than the angels of heaven.

"Oh, dear father, what may it be?" asked Miranda when she had recovered from her first astonishment sufficiently to speak. Her eyes were big with wonder, and she tore at her collar as if it would suffocate her.

"Is it a spirit from those strange lands of which you have told me?" she questioned, her breath coming in snatches between her full parted lips. "How he looks at me! How his eyes shine into mine! How handsome he is! Oh, father!" Miranda broke into a sob of ecstasy.

According to the farsighted plan of Prospero, Miranda had fallen in wildest love with the gallant Prince Ferdinand, who at first sight of the beautiful maiden had decided that life without her would not be worth living.

FERDINAND AND MIRANDA

At Miranda's sudden outburst, old Prospero looked up from his chart of the heavens, sleepily rubbed his eyes, and gazed slowly about him. Who would have accused him of knowing aught of the coming of the handsome Neapolitan Prince? Much less, who would have thought that old Prospero himself had caused Ferdinand's coming?

"Oh, that?" Prospero chuckled kindly in his long white beard. "That, my daughter, is no spirit! It eats and sleeps, and hath such senses as we have. He was in the wreck that so distressed your tender heart, and lost all his fellows. No, no, child," Prospero laughed under his beard, "he's an ordinary enough sort of person, the world is full of such as he; but still, if it were not for the fact that 'he's something stain'd with grief, that's

beauty's canker, thou might'st call him a goodly person.' "

"An ordinary enough sort of person," repeated Miranda in a dazed fashion, "Ordinary! Why, father, it's divine, divine, nothing natural could possibly be so noble!"

And with hands outstretched and bated breath, treading lightly over the leaves on the ground lest their slightest rustle would alarm and drive away the radiant spirit, Miranda advanced cautiously towards Ferdinand. The Prince, impelled by the same subtle love that urged Miranda, walked carefully to meet her, his hands and arms outstretched as though he were about to take the gloriously fair maiden in his embrace. But his eyes betrayed his fear that the goddess, as he thought her, would vanish from his sight and elude him, ere he reached her, and had a chance to hear the music of her voice.

Ferdinand had traveled far over all the known parts of the world; but as he gazed into the blue eyes of Miranda, and saw the white lights dart in them, as he watched the flashes from the ruddy gold hair that framed her flushed cheeks, and felt her sweet breath breaking in half sobbing gasps over him, he thought that she was the most wonderful creature that he had ever set eyes on. If she were a maiden and no goddess —! Ferdinand trembled at the daring thought that filled his brain.

"Most surely a goddess," Ferdinand at length addressed Miranda, and his voice was husky with fear and worship. "This music I have heard is attending you, is it not?" Then seeing the color deepen in Miranda's cheeks, seeing the smile that curved on her lips, Ferdinand shouted boyishly as he all but grasped Miranda in his eager arms, "O you wonder! Are you a maid? Tell me, are you?"

She a goddess? It seemed so funny to simple

hearted little Miranda that she threw her head back and laughed mirthfully, and, the tears running down her cheeks, she answered, wholly unabashed, "No wonder, sir; but certainly a maid."

"Why, fair one, you speak my native language!" exclaimed Ferdinand in the deepest astonishment. Then, because he was anxious that Miranda should think well of him, the Prince continued, with something of pride in his voice,

"I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken. . . .
. . . . myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd."

"Alack, for mercy, sir," exclaimed the gentle Miranda, troubled at thought of the grief that had come into the life of the handsome Prince. But old Prospero, who had stepped forward so as to overhear the conversation, tapped Ferdinand on the arm with his magical white wand, and beckoned him to a seat on a tree stump, and said gruffly "A word, good sir. I fear me you have made false claims to the throne of Naples. A word with you, good sir."

On hearing her father's voice, the quick tears had started into Miranda's blue eyes. How could her father treat a Prince, and one so handsome, too, in such a manner! Never before had Miranda heard Prospero speak in such tones of displeasure save to the brute Caliban. "Oh, oh," she panted prayerfully under her breath as she clasped tight her hands now trembling with fear,

"This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!"

Softly as Miranda had spoken, it was not too low for the love tuned ear of Ferdinand who, turning towards her, whispered tenderly,

“O! if a virgin,
And your affections not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.”

Prospero, with knit eyebrows and bent head, had been tracing mystical symbols on the ground, seemingly unconscious of what had passed between the Prince Ferdinand and his daughter. But of course he knew what was happening, and, in fact, had made this chance for the two young people to exchange words of love and comfort in what appeared to them to be a time of threatening danger. At the marked success of his great plan, Prospero rejoiced, and turning away as though to catch a bird call which was heard in the distant cypress, he smiled broadly before he once more addressed Ferdinand, and charged him cruelly:

“Thou dost here usurp
The name thou own'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.”

Prospero did not believe a word of the charge he was making; he was just trying to put a stumbling block in the way of what he knew to be true love “lest too light winning make the prize light.”

At the insult hurled at him by the majestic old Prospero, Ferdinand at once grasped his sword, for he was chivalrous, and was prepared to defend his honor as became a Prince of the royal blood of Naples. The magician's words stung red on Ferdinand's sun burned cheeks. Traitor, Prospero had dared to call him! And he had threatened in his most kingly and terrifying manner:

"I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks,
Wherein the acorn cradled."

When he had commanded Ferdinand to follow him
and prepare to submit to such indignities the young
prince, with clutched sword, had hurled an answer,

"No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power."

Then did Prospero smile triumphantly. He admired
the gallantry of the insulted Prince; but he determined
to make him submit by showing him his own superior
power. Lightly he rapped Ferdinand's brave sword with
his white wand. And immediately was the Prince
charmed. Unable was he to move a muscle, and his
weapon hung threateningly suspended in midair as he
had raised it to defend himself.

"Ha, ha," Prospero laughed mockingly at the look
of chagrin that overspread the face of his captive.
"You traitor, you! Put up your sword. I can disarm
you with my little stick! Traitor! 'Who mak'st a show,
but dar'st not strike, thy conscience is so possess'd with
guilt.'"

This was more than the gentle hearted Miranda could
bear. And swiftly gliding up to her lover, she put her
little hand caressingly on his arm as she turned to her
father and, with tears streaming down her white cheeks,
pleaded with him,

"O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful. . . .
There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't."

Beautiful indeed did Miranda look as she pleaded thus for her lover, and it was all that Prospero could do to persist in his cruelty, so longingly did he wish to take his charming daughter in his arms and comfort her. It seemed to him, however, that sternness was necessary for the perfect ending of his plan. So the aged Duke turned angrily on Miranda, and bristling with rage demanded, "What! 'my foot my tutor!' Let go of my cloak! Hush, I command! If you utter one more word, I shall chide you, if not hate you! My daughter to plead for an imposter? Huh! You think there are no more men in the world as handsome as he having seen none but him and Caliban! Foolish girl!"

"To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels."

But Miranda, emboldened to withstand her father by her deep love for Ferdinand, threw herself on the ground at her father's feet and with clasped hands raised to him persisted, stammering the words between her sobs, "Dear father, have pity on him. I will be his surety for I love him truly, and if he is a humble mortal, and but an ordinary man of the world, 'my affections are then most humble: I have no ambition to see a goodlier man.'"

Ignoring the plea of Miranda, Prospero swept up to the young prince and tapping him on the arm, motioned him to the cave. And Ferdinand meekly followed feeling in his heart that the death of his father, the loss of all his dearest friends, the threats and insults which were heaped upon him would all be light to him if only, as he muttered,

"Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison."

So chuckling to himself, Prospero led the way to Ferdinand's prison, and when purposely he had gotten far ahead of the prince, Miranda, who was watching her opportunity, sprang quickly to the side of her lover, threw her arms about his neck and whispered caressingly, "Be of good cheer. My father has a kinder heart than his rough words would lead you to think. Be of good cheer and remember that I—" Prospero turned to look back at his charge, and Miranda was walking discreetly behind Ferdinand, eyes downcast, and a look of the deepest sorrow on her sweet face.

Prospero was now certain that absolute success awaited his plan, and, for the help that the little sprite Ariel had given in rescuing Ferdinand, and in leading him to Miranda, Prospero promised him freedom within two days.

On arriving at what was to be Ferdinand's prison cell, it was soon evident to the young prince, as well as to Miranda, that the threats of Prospero had not been idle ones. Several thousand cypress logs were lying about the mouth of the cave, and these Ferdinand was commanded to carry off and arrange in orderly piles. Without a word of remonstrance, Ferdinand fell to work, all his labors lightened by the thought of the sweet Miranda, who, whenever her father was engrossed in his mystical books, or had gone to take his usual afternoon nap, would steal away to the side of her lover, comforting him merely by her presence. Smiling to himself, Ferdinand argued,

"There be some sports are painful; and their labor
Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures."

And his heart beating fast at the thought of his sweetheart, Ferdinand whispered to himself, "O! she is ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed, and he's composed of harshness."

Though Miranda went to comfort Ferdinand, her visit generally ended with his having to comfort her, so tender hearted was she, and so distressed was she at seeing him sweat and shrink under the heavy weight of the cypress logs.

"Please don't work so hard! Please," Miranda would beg tearfully. "I wish the lightning had burned these logs so that you couldn't pile them up! Please rest a bit. My father's sleeping now, and won't see you."

And when Ferdinand objected that the sun would long be set ere he had finished the task assigned, Miranda urged, "If you rest, I'll carry, and the work will go on just the same. Pray, let me take that one. There, please put it on my back, I'll carry it!"

And Ferdinand would fondly shake his head at her, smiling his answer,

"No, precious creature;
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by."

It seemed to the loving Miranda that the work was no harder for her than for Ferdinand. Besides, she would do it quicker than he, her good will being in the work, and his being set against it. Moreover, it seemed to the kind eyes of Miranda that her lover looked tired. This, however, he denied, declaring that it was always fresh morning for him when she was by.

And all this time, Ferdinand did not so much as know the name of his sweetheart, nor did Miranda know the name of her lover!

"I beseech you tell me your name that I may set it down in my prayers," Ferdinand said to Miranda one

afternoon. And then, although her father had commanded her not to tell it, she let the word slip over her lips before she had time to consider.

"Miranda! Miranda! Miranda! Admired Miranda!" Ferdinand worked about whispering the name to himself. "Worth what's dearest in all the world," he said fondly. And then, gently taking Miranda's hands in his grimy ones, he said simply to her,

"Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil; but you, O you!
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best."

Miranda believed the words of her lover, and smiled, gratified, but not embarrassed, as she left her hands in the clasp of his and simply told him how she had seen no woman's face save the reflection of her own in the streams. As to men, he and Caliban were all she had ever beheld. She knew nothing of men out in the world, nor did she care to know about them, for, she said, smiling trustingly into Ferdinand's brown eyes,

"I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of."

Whereupon Ferdinand, glad that his love was returned, but sober from the very joy of the knowledge, told Miranda that, as a warrant of his love, he was enduring this wooden slavery; for her sake, becoming a patient log-man, he who in his own right was king.

From the moment his eyes had looked into hers, his heart had fled to her service and become her willing slave.

"Why, then, you must love me?" said simple Miranda, and joy shone in her blue eyes like stars.

"Love you! Miranda, I love, prize, honor you above all the worth of the world," answered Ferdinand as he fell on the ground before her and kissed reverently the hem of her white gown.

"And will we be married, I your wife, and you my husband?" It all seemed too wonderful for Miranda to believe.

"Yes, dearest. And always will I be as humble before you as I now am, and forever will my heart be as loving."

Tears of unworthiness glistened in Miranda's eyes as she listened to these words of her lover. Timidly she slipped her hand into Ferdinand's, and said haltilly, "here's my hand, with my heart in it, dear." Suddenly Miranda ran towards her father's cave. It was time for Prospero to awake, and Miranda dared not be missing when he looked to find her.

"I'll be back in half an hour," joyously called Miranda as she turned to wave adieu to her lover.

A few minutes later, when Prospero came from his sleeping cell, the demure Miranda was quietly weaving a cincture for her golden hair. She smiled up lovingly at her father, and told him that he looked rested from his long sleep. Poor Miranda! What would she have thought could she have seen her aged father rubbing his hands in glee, impatiently stroking his long white beard, and muttering to himself, as he paced up and down his sleeping cell, "It's not a surprise to me, not a surprise to me; but I'm almost as happy over it as those two children are, almost as happy!"

KING ALONZO AND HIS COURTIER

Following the commands of the ever watchful Prospero, Ariel in the meanwhile had taken his tabor, or small drum, and had returned to hover invisible over the heads of the Neapolitans as they sat dejected on the sea beach, bemoaning the supposed loss of the gallant Prince Ferdinand. It was a very spiritless group that the sprite Ariel came upon. King Alonzo wearily rested his head on hands that seemed too weak for the burden. And Antonio chewed fiercely at his long reddish brown mustache as he thought, not of Ferdinand, but of the little chance that he had of ever returning to the throne of Milan.

"After what I had to do to my brother Prospero, too, in order to get the kingdom," Antonio growled under his breath as he glanced, in disgust, at Alonzo who was rocking back and forth, and moaning.

Excepting the good old man Gonzalo, the courtiers were all stretched at full length on the sand, resting their weary bones after the tussle they had had with the strength of the waves, and cursing the chance that had taken them in the royal party to attend the wedding in Tunis.

Old Duke Gonzalo had spent his entire life trying to make others happy, and the habit of sixty years still clinging, he smiled kindly at the little circle about him, and spoke in gentle tones of loving comfort, "We ought to give thanks, friends, for our good fortune. For we really have much to be grateful for." Tears shone in the good old Duke's eyes.

'Our escape

Is much beyond our loss: Our hint of woe
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us."

Really, we ought to be grateful, and try to 'weigh our sorrow with our comfort'," reasoned the good man.

But all suggestions of Gonzalo were scorned and jeered at.

"I pray you, keep still!" moaned King Alonzo.

"At your old trick of giving good advice, I see!" said Antonio with infinite scorn in his voice.

"And he's going at it again. Hark! the old fellow's 'winding up the watch of his wit: by and by it will strike,'" sneered young Sebastian, brother of Alonzo.

But Gonzalo was used to just such treatment, and so, with a little laugh at his own expense, he went on, "There's everything on this beautiful little island needed for us to sustain life with. See how long and juicy the blue green grass is! See?" And he tore off a handful and passed it to King Alonzo who scattered it to one side, groaning, and without looking at it.

"Another strange thing," said Gonzalo as he gently stroked the arm of Antonio "is that our garments, for all their drenching, are as fresh now as when we first donned them at the wedding of the beautiful Claribel."

"Oh keep still about that wedding!" growled young Sebastian. "That was a mighty sweet wedding, I tell you, and we had the best good fortune coming home from it!"

"But your majesty, isn't my purple velvet doublet just as fine as when I first wore it at the marriage ceremonies of your lovely daughter?" persisted Gonzalo who was trying hard to divert the king's attention from his own troubles.

"Gonzalo, you will persist in cramming those words into my ears, won't you? and even when I beg you to stop. I wish I had never heard of Tunis! At one blow I've lost a son and a daughter because of that same Tunis."

"He may be alive," timidly suggested Lord Fran-

cisco, who was touched by the helpless grief of his king.

"I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swollen that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore."

"No, no, Francisco, he's dead! I'll never see him again! O my heir of Naples and Milan! 'What strange fish hath made his meal on thee?'" moaned Alonzo, the bitter tears of anguish rolling down his furrowed cheeks.

"Well, you have no one to thank but yourself," Sebastian said brutally. "You wouldn't marry Claribel to any monarch in Europe, but had to banish her to Tunis where the poor girl, weeping, begged you not to send her. We all knelt to you, and importuned you; but your will was law. As you say, you've lost by it a son and a daughter. Well, the fault's all yours!"

Then up spoke Gonzalo, a flame of disgust in his eyes for the unbrotherly talk of Sebastian.

"The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster."

Then his voice changing pleasantly, he ambled on, "Friends, if I were king on this beautiful little island, I'd——"

"Plant weeds!" snickered Antonio.

"Yes, nettle-seed, docks, or mallows!" added Sebastian.

"Never get drunk because you had no wine!" scoffed a third. "Have a government that would be contrary-wise to anything in Europe. In my land

'No kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

The Tempest

Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
 And use of service, none; contract, succession,
 Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
 No occupation; all men idle, all;
 And women too; but innocent and pure:

* * * * *

All things in common nature should produce
 Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,
 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
 Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
 Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
 To feed my innocent people.'

This was greeted with shouts of derision. "Save his majesty!" or "Long live King Gonzalo!" filled the air. But, undisturbed, the aged Duke appealed to Alonzo who snapped at him for bothering him with his empty chatter.

"It was but to make you laugh, your majesty," Gonzalo was interposing when the fairy Ariel, hovering overhead, began to play softly, music lulling and rest giving as a lullaby. As the magician Prospero had foreseen, the music had immediate effects; for in five minutes after Ariel had begun his seducing melody, all were lying fast asleep on the sandy beach except Sebastian and Antonio.

"What a strange drowsiness seems to possess them," said Sebastian with a touch of scorn in his voice.

"It is the quality of the climate," answered Antonio listlessly.

But unlike their companions, neither Antonio nor Sebastian were able to go to sleep. Antonio declared that his spirits were particularly nimble, so much so in fact, that his brain had been running on the idea of what an exalted station in life worthy Sebastian might hold, if only ———! Checking himself, as if fearing that he had spoken too freely, Antonio glanced slyly at Sebastian. Then leaning suddenly toward him, and

resting his hand heavily on Sebastian's shoulder, Antonio exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, "Sebastian, I see royalty in your face, and over your head I see a crown pending."

"Pshaw, you are sleeping," said Sebastian indifferently.

"Not I," replied Antonio craftily. "Your fortune sleeps, Sebastian! But a little effort on our part will awake it. What harm in taking for granted that Ferdinand is dead? What claim, then, will Claribel have to the throne, she who lives ten leagues beyond man's life, and could receive no news from Naples

'Unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) 'till new born chins
Be rough and razorable?'"

While he had been speaking, Antonio had carefully scrutinized his companion's face. He was not sure of Sebastian by any means; but he was quite positive that his evil suggestion would not be openly resented. He meant to try Sebastian once more. Lowering his voice to a whisper, he put his lips to Sebastian's ear, and muttered "I seem to hear a voice saying, 'Let Sebastian wake! Arouse the noble Sebastian!'" The voice haunts my sleeping hours and makes my day a torture."

Then holding Sebastian's eyes with his, Antonio continued, "What if the sleepers were dead? Would they be worse off than now? Are there not those in Naples and Milan who can rule as well as Alonzo? Are not there lords who can prate as well as old Gonzalo? Why, I myself could make as big a jackdaw!"

For a few moments Antonio looked silently out over the sea, shaking his head and muttering to himself as though in earnest thought. Suddenly turning on Sebastian, he said pointedly, "Could not this sleep mean much for your advancement?"

Sebastian understood, but did not take eagerly to

the plan. "I remember that you once supplanted your brother, Prospero," he said quietly.

"True," replied Antonio unabashed, "and am I not as good a ruler as he was?"

"But how about your conscience?" asked the unwilling Sebastian.

"Conscience," sneered Antonio, "I do not feel
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest."

There lies Alonzo, no better than the earth he is sleeping on. Three inches of my sword would make his rest eternal. By a like movement, you might dispatch this Sir Prudence, this Gonzalo, who would never again interrupt our plans. As for the rest of the lords,

"They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour."

After some little time, Sebastian was won over by the evil suggestions of Antonio, and it was planned that by a double stroke of the sword, Sebastian would be King of Naples, and Antonio free from the tribute which he had once promised to pay to that principality.

With hands clasped to seal the bloody compact, Antonio and Sebastian were whispering their last words of arrangement when Ariel, invisible, bent low over the unconscious Gonzalo, and whispered warningly in his ear, "Good old man, my master Prospero foresees danger to you! Wake and guard your life!" Then the little fairy sang so that all might hear,

'While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

In a moment old Gonzalo had sprung to his feet, all alive, and seeing Antonio and Sebastian with drawn swords demanded, "What's up? Why are your swords drawn, and why this look of white anguish on your faces? What has happened to thus frighten you?" For the aged duke, being so good himself, never for a minute suspected that any motive other than fear had caused his friends to draw their swords.

"It was an awful noise," spoke up Sebastian quaking with fear, "like unto a bellowing of mad bulls, or roaring lions."

"I heard nothing," said Alonzo who by now was also awake.

"Oh it was fit to frighten the ears of a savage monster, enough to make the very earth quake!" added Antonio.

"All I heard was a strange humming, like singing!" said Gonzalo, "and it woke me to see Antonio and Sebastian standing shaking, and with swords drawn. The noises that frightened our good friends are liable to return. It were well that we quit this unhallowed spot, and go armed, all of us."

Thus it happened that in a few minutes the weary men were on the march.

"By lakin, I can go no further," said old Gonzalo when the king's party had walked for several hours. "My old bones ache with tramping over these marshes. With your majesty's leave, I'll sit me down and rest."

"Old lord, I do not blame you; I myself am so weary that my very spirits are dulled. I have cast aside all hope. My gallant son is dead. Hear how the sea roars to mock our frustrate search."

Most of the party reflected the spirit of the king.

It was gloomy weather to them when the king was gloomy. Not so, however, with Antonio and Sebastian, who decided on that very night to renew their attack. Would not the weariness of Gonzalo and Alonzo but abate the strength and violence with which they would defend themselves should they awake?

As the band of Neapolitans were dejectedly resting, solemn and strange music was heard. In the midst of it, Prospero entered invisible, accompanied by a band of strange shapes who bore viands and wines, and placed them before the hungry men. Just as they were about to partake of the spread, a heavy storm of lightning and thunder began to play about them, and while it raged at its height, the sprite Ariel descended in the form of a harpy, and beating his black wings on the table, caused it to vanish as quickly as it had appeared. Then turning fiercely on Alonzo, Sebastian and Antonio, Ariel said: "You three men of sin whom the sea has belched up on this beautiful island, you are not fit to live among men. I will make you mad, fools that you are! I will put you in a frenzy wherein men hang and drown their proper selves, and know not what they do.

‘the Elements,

Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the self-closing waters, as diminish
One dowe that’s in my plume.’

“You,” Ariel turned to Antonio and Alonzo, “did supplant good Prospero from his kingdom, and with his innocent child, did expose him to the mercies of the sea ;

‘for which foul deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea all the creatures
Against your peace.’”

The only hope for the three was a future life of innocence and purity. Having uttered these ominous words, Ariel disappeared to receive the thanks of his master, Prospero, who felt now that his enemies were in his power.

And well had Ariel done his work; for the three wicked men were almost palsied with fright. They stood with drawn swords though they knew them to be powerless against the voice that had accused them. Alonzo, however, voiced the general fear when he said:

‘Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prospero: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i’ the ooze is bedded; and
I’ll seek him deeper than e’er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie muddled.’

And the three possessed men racing heedlessly away in blind terror, Gonzalo and the attending lords hastened to follow them. It was feared that they would do themselves violence, for, as Gonzalo explained to his remaining companions,

‘Their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now ’gins to bite the spirits.’

At the same time that Antonio and Sebastian had conspired against the lives of Alonzo and Gonzalo, and had miraculously been prevented from accomplishing their foul plan by the sprite Ariel, the deformed Caliban was carrying wood for Prospero, and calling down the direst curses on his old master. “May every square inch of his body be turned into the foulest disease,” he was muttering when his fish-like body wriggled with sudden fright, and the log tumbled off of his shoulders.

“Lo, what’s this? One of his evil spirits come to

torment me for being so slow about the wood! It will pinch me, and fill my poor body with stings! I'll trick it! I'll fall flat on my face in the mud, and it may be that the evil thing will pass me by!"

However, it was no spirit who was coming upon the miserable Caliban, but Trinculo, a jester of the court of Alonzo, who was growling to himself, muttering and swearing as he crashed along through the darkness, lead only by the flashes of lightning.

"Such a place! No bushes or shrubs to hide in! And such a rain coming! With clouds over head big as barrels, and all ready to shed liquor! That sky will rain bucketfuls! What's this?" for the growling Trinculo had kicked against the head of the crouching Caliban. "It's a fish! No ——— By my troth, it's a man, for it's warm!" ejaculated Trinculo who had stopped to feel the queer monster. "It must be an islander struck down by the lightning! Believe I'll crawl under his coat with him, and keep dry from the rain. Upon my word, 'Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.'"

While the court jester and the deformed Caliban were lying quietly on the ground together, who should stagger along but Stephano, a drunken butler of King Alonzo, who reeled and drank frequently from his brown bottle as he sang in tipsy fashion.

"What's this, are there devils here?" Stephano had staggered against Trinculo and Caliban lying under the rubber rain coat, and, at first glance, had seen nothing but the two legs and fin.

"Ho, ho! the brave Stephano is afraid of no monster!" boasted the maudlin butler as he hit the rain coat a loud crack with his heavy brown bottle.

"O, spirit of Prospero, do not torture me! I'll bring in all the wood, and that quickly, too!" groaned Caliban while at the same moment Trinculo shouted, "Stephano, stop beating me or I'll ——."

"The monster has the ague! And it pretends to have two voices, and calls me by name! That's a queer fish! But I'm its friend," sang the drunken Stephano, "and I'll give it drink from my nice brown bottle. Oh, I'm its friend!" And Stephano stooped down and was prying open the heavy jaw of the torture-stricken Caliban when Trinculo, who was struggling to get from under the load of the rain coat called "Stephano, if you are really Stephano, speak to me, and touch me, for I am Trinculo, thy good friend Trinculo!"

"I'll pull these two short legs. If you're under there, these are your legs! Come forth, Trinculo!" And Stephano hauled the dazed Trinculo to his feet.

The two Neapolitans were overjoyed to find each other. Especially was Trinculo pleased, and in his glee he kept whirling Stephano round and round, beating him on the back, and slapping his shoulder till the butler called out testily, "Quit twisting me! My stomach isn't very steady!"

By this time the liquor that Stephano had poured down Caliban's throat was beginning to take effect, and the monster, now drunk, squirmed on the ground, and muttered, "These are noble spirits, and I'll kneel to them and their fine drink!" And looking up to Stephano who had been kicking at him with his foot, he half whimpered, "Master, did you drop from the heavens?"

"Out of the moon! I'm the man in the moon," declared Stephano.

"I have seen you often, and I adore you. My mistress showed you to me, and your dog and your bush. I'll kiss your foot, and show you the wealth of this island. I'll tell you where the fresh water springs, and where the ripest berries grow, and I'll fetch wood for you. No longer will I serve my present master. I'll serve you, O man in the moon! Besides, I'll get you fresh crabs; with my long nails I'll dig you pig nuts. I'll show you a jay's nest, and clustering filberts and

the young sea-mells on the rocks. Will you go with me, O man of the moon?" And Caliban groveled at the feet of the drunken Stephano.

In a minute, the bargain was made. Stephano was to be king of the island, with Trinculo as lieutenant. Caliban was to be their servant, and have plenty to drink; for Stephano had a whole wine cellar in the rotten trunk of a tree. In fact, the butler had come to shore straddeling a cask of wine.

'No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—— Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.'

Sang the monster Caliban as he lead the way. Trinculo alone saw the funny side of the arrangement that had been made, and, drunk himself, said laughingly when Caliban told him that there were two others on the island, Prospero and Miranda, " 'If the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.' "

Thus the three drunken men reeled along, and quarreled. At one moment Caliban would offer to lick the shoe of Stephano. At the next moment, Trinculo would call Caliban an ugly thing, half fish, half beast, whereupon Caliban would threaten to bite him to death, and Stephano would threaten to hang both on the nearest tree if they did not keep civil tongues in their heads. Between times, Caliban recounted the tale of his wrongs. "I am servant to a cruel tyrant, a sorceror who cheated me out of my possessions! It was mine from my mother Sycorax. If you, O man of the moon, will revenge my wrongs, you shall be lord over this fair island, and I will lick your feet. Give me some more of your noble brown bottle, and I will lead you to Prospero's cave. There we will hide till my master sleeps, and then, O,

valiant man of the moon, you can easily drive a nail into his white head and kill him. Every afternoon at three he sleeps. We will first seize his books, his magic books, for without them he is a weakling and has not one spirit at his command. I am not the only one who hates him; all his spirits hate him as I do. Just be sure to burn his books, his brave utensiles, as he calls them; then we can easily do away with him; brain him with a cypress log, paunch him with a steak, or cut his throat with a flint. But," a crafty look overspread Caliban's face, "Let us not harm the old man's daughter, she is my mistress, my goddess! Prospero himself calls her nonpareil. Excepting her, I have seen no woman but my mother, and Miranda as far surpasses Sycorax as the greatest surpasses the least."

At mention of a beautiful woman, the dull interest of Stephano was aroused, and he at once proposed that the beautiful maiden should be his queen, to which Trinculo and Caliban, as his viceroys, both assented.

"In a half hour Prospero will be asleep, and then you will kill him, will you not, O brave man of the moon?" urged Caliban, who seemed to be restless until his old master were out of the way.

"Ay, on my honor, servant-monster," answered Stephano, "We'll nail ———."

Interrupting Stephano, Ariel, who all this time, in an invisible form, had been listening to the plot, piped up a song. The music greatly frightened Stephano and Trinculo, who imagined that devils were about; but Caliban reassured them, saying,

"The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,

The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.' ”

“My, but this is a fine kingdom; music for nothing!”
said Stephano, clapping Trinculo on the back. “Now
I want to see the musician! Let us chase the musician!”

“Only kill Prospero first,” urged Caliban.

“I see that musician first!” decided Stephano in a
kingly manner. And as he started after the tabor and
pipe of the invisible Ariel, Trinculo and Caliban had no
choice, but to follow.

THE CONSPIRATORS, CALIBAN, STEPHANO AND TRINCULO

Chuckling to himself, gratified at his power over the
wicked Alonzo, Antonio and Sebastian, the magician
Prospero had hurried away to find Prince Ferdinand.
There was a kindly, fatherly look in his faded old eyes
as he extended to the young man one hand, and with the
other affectionately stroked his shoulder. And his tones
were husky with tears as he said, “My boy, if perhaps it
seemed that I too severely punished you, that which I
now intend to do will surely make full amends. What
might have looked like cruelty was but the means an old
father jealously took to test your love. And boy, so
nobly have you stood the trial that

‘I

Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live.’ ”

Prospero drew the sleeve of his black gown across his
eyes.

“ ‘O, Ferdinand!

Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.’ ”

From the fondly tender manner in which Ferdinand

glanced at the blushing Miranda, it was easily seen that he more than agreed with her father. And the magician was satisfied.

Then, leaving them, for they belonged to each other, Duke Prospero went in search of his good fairy Ariel, whom he commanded to bring together, as quickly as possible, and in the very place where they were then standing, "the rabble," as he called them, "o'er whom I gave thee power, for I intend to show yonder fond young couple some exhibition of my magical power. I promised, and they expect it of me. Do my bidding in a twink! Spry! Ariel, my chick!"

And to his potent master's order, Ariel made the dainty answer:

"Before you can say 'come,' and 'go,'
And breathe twice, and cry 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, master? no!"

It was the plan of Prospero to give, in the presence of Ferdinand and his daughter, a masque, or fanciful array of heavenly spirits. Hardly had his order been given to the willing Ariel than sounds of the softest music were heard, and lo, there appeared, as though treading the clouds, Iris, the saffron-winged goddess of the rainbow. Scattering refreshing showers of honey-drops by the way, Iris tripped lightly, and approaching staid Ceres, queen of the harvests, she courtesied as she announced: "Most bounteous lady, the goddess of heaven bids you leave your rich leas, your tufted mountains and flat meadows, your banks with lillies and peonies trimmed, your broom groves and your sea-marge; here, Mother Ceres, where you see the royal peacocks of Juno sporting, you are to help celebrate a true love union." And full of glee at the prospect, the iridescent Iris fluttered her amber-like wings.

Ceres was more than willing to bless the happy lovers, and as her sister Juno approached her just then, she smiled benignly, and taking her by the hand sang in concert with her all marriage-blessings, hourly joys, earth's increase and rich plenty to the beautiful Miranda and the gallant Ferdinand.

The young prince was going to exclaim his delight at this pageantry, but, raising his wand, Prospero bid him be silent. For just then there entered a band of Naiads from the winding brooks, charming in their crowns of long reeds. With them came a group of reapers, burned with the hot sun of August, their large rye-straw hats tilted far back from their broadly smiling faces. Joining hands, they were airily threading a graceful dance when suddenly Prospero was seen to start. His eyes grew cold and merciless, and his face convulsed as though with sudden anger. Instantly a hollow noise was heard, in the midst of which the vision vanished.

"Your father is in a rage, what can it be?" asked Ferdinand, in whispered alarm.

"I know not," answered the shrinking Miranda. "Never till this day have I seen him so moved by anger."

"The pageantry is now ended, children," slowly said Prospero, who noticed the alarm of Miranda and the prince.

"My spirits

'Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.'

Laughingly Prospero waved the happy lovers from him; but no sooner had they turned their backs than

the blackest scowl overspread his face as he muttered, between twitching lips, "Now is the very moment of his plot! That beast Caliban and his low companions to plan against my almost worthless life! How could I have forgotten? Ah—Caliban—!" The old Duke quivered with rage.

"A devil, a born devil . . .
.
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers."

In the meanwhile the nimble Ariel had been on the outlook for the vile Caliban, the drunken butler Stephano, and the maudlin court jester Trinculo. Red-hot with drinking he found them, the idea uppermost in their sickly brains being to do away with Prospero. To trick them, Ariel had begun to play magically upon his tabor, and so charmed were the three that, calf-like, they followed the music. And where did the fairy lead them? Through "tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and thorns which enter'd their frail shins." He had left them a short distance from Prospero's cave, floundering helplessly in a foul-smelling, slime-covered pool, which welled up almost to their chins.

"Well done, my bird," Prospero had chuckled. "It was well done. Hasten, now, take my state robes of rose and purple with threads of gold and of silver. Hang these on a line near my cave. They will catch the eyes of the low brutes."

It happened just as Prospero predicted. Down the cypress road three figures were seen staggering, besmeared with scum and sea weed. Stephano and Trinculo were growling; but Caliban was trying to quiet them.

"Tread lightly, we're near the old mole's cell. The prize is now almost within our reach," assured Caliban.

"But I lost my brown bottle in the pool," moaned

Trinculo. "Ah!" The jester gave a loud yell as he lunged at the cape of royal velvet which had attracted his attention, and threw it over his shoulders.

"Oh king, look at me!" The maudlin Trinculo minced through the mud.

"Take that off, I'm master of this island," roared Stephano.

"Sh—ee!" cautioned the trembling Caliban, "he'll hear us and turn us all into 'barnacles, or to apes with foreheads villainously low.' Let's in, and kill him first, oh masters!"

"Silence, fish beast!" thundered Stephano. "Carry these garments to the hollow tree in which is my hogs-head of red wine, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom." And with this direful threat, Stephano began piling clothes on the quivering back of the agonized Caliban. Trinculo helped him, and so well did they work that Caliban groaned, and was unable to stir an inch under the burden which his companions had put upon him. At this, Stephano and Trinculo laughed loud and uproariously.

"Toot, toot!" It was the sound of hunters' horns, and the baying of hounds that broke across the echo of their drunken laughter. And before the three wretches had gotten the direction of the danger, a pack made for them, driven on by Prospero and Ariel.

"Hey, Mountain, hey!" called Prospero, who was trying to bay Caliban. At the same time the zephyr Ariel, hot on the trail of the weeping Trinculo, was shouting, "Silver, Silver, there he goes," or again "Fury, Fury, at him, Fury! This way, Tyrant, here, Tyrant!"

The air reverberated with the calls of the riders and the barking of excited dogs, and, in the midst of this confusion, the culprits were driven away.

"Master, hear them roar," pleaded the gentle hearted Ariel.

"Let them expect no mercy from me," severely answered the aged Duke.

"Go, charge my goblins that they grind their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make
 them,
Than pard or cat o' mountain."

Then Prospero, who should have felt only pleasure at his triumph over his would-be destroyer, turned from his gentle fairy, and seating himself on a cypress log, exhausted with the efforts of the day, wearily bowed his head on his folded, withered hands. Strength seemed to have left him, now that all his efforts and labors were culminating in success.

A few hours later, however, arrayed in all the splendor of his magical robes, and once again his brisk self, Duke Prospero severely asked for an account of the royal prisoners, Alonzo, Antonio and Sebastian.

"As you bid, dear master, they are all imprisoned in the line-grove which shades your cell," sadly answered the gentle Ariel. "Distracted are all three, and their friends mourn over them. 'The good old lord, Gonzalo, his tears run down his beard, like winter's drops from eaves of reeds.' Be gentle with them, dear master!" begged the little zephyr. "Your heart would be softened could you but see them!"

"Would yours?" whimsically asked the Duke.

"Mine would, sir, were I human," gravely answered Ariel.

"The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance," Prospero spoke to himself. Then aloud, "Go, release them, Ariel:

"My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves."

And when the willing Ariel flew on his task of mercy, Prospero vowed to himself, "When this last great work of my life is accomplished,

The Tempest

"I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book."

Just at this moment there came an interruption to Prospero's musings. It was the music of his good fairy, and accompanying it sounded the tramping of feet. Looking up, the aged magician found himself gazing into the glazed and horror-stricken eyes of the three guilty men. Whether from sheer fright at the tongue-tied condition in which they found themselves, or because their brains were stagnant, none of them recognized Prospero.

"Ariel," called Prospero after he had looked at them some minutes in scornful loathing, "fetch my hat and rapier. I'll present myself to them as they used to see me in Milan." And gladly the dainty Ariel flew to do the bidding of the master, the while singing joyously to himself, happy at the prospect of his freedom,

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

And the aged Prospero, watching him, half-sighed as it flashed through his brain, "I'll miss thee, dainty Ariel!"

A few moments later, his royal rapier in his hand, his tall black hat shoved back on his head, Prospero majestically addressed Alonzo, Antonio and Sebastian. Each one in turn, he accused of his crime, till Alonzo panted excitedly, "He's some enchanted trifle to abuse us." Sebastian gasped, "It's the devil that speaks in him." And Antonio mutely nodded his consent.

"Behold in me the wronged Duke of Milan, Pros-

pero!" The old magician drew himself up to his full height.

"If you are Prospero, tell me where I have lost my dear son Ferdinand," interposed Alonzo:

"Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure."

"I have a much greater loss," Prospero spoke with quiet scorn, "for I have lost a daughter."

"A daughter! O heavens! If they might but be king and queen together in Naples, I could wish that I myself were mudded in that oozy bed where my son lies. Tell me about it!" Alonzo wrung his hands in anguish.

"Not now, it's a long story," said Prospero, smiling happily, it seemed, for a recently bereaved father. "Some other time. Let me welcome you all to my cell court. Since you all agree to give me back my kingdom (they had, eagerly, when they came out of their trance, and recognized Prospero) I will requite you with as good a thing. At least, I will surprise you." Uttering these words Prospero twisted his magic white wand and lo! the entrance of the cave flew open. Wonders of wonders! Seated at a small cypress table, happily playing at chess together, sat—Ferdinand and Miranda.

"If this is one of the visions of the island, I have twice lost my son," faltered Alonzo.

"I call it a miracle," vouchsafed Sebastian.

At the sound of the voices, Ferdinand and Miranda looked up. "Father!" exclaimed the Prince; "though the seas threatened, they were merciful, without cause have I cursed them," and weeping, Ferdinand fell at the feet of his overcome father.

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Miranda. "Father, who are these goodly creatures? How beauteous man-

kind is! What a brave new world this is! How many people there are in it!"

Mute and abashed at the innocence and the surpassing loveliness of Miranda, the Neapolitans stared dumbly at her. But the prince broke the silence. Tenderly he took Miranda's hand and placed it in his father's. "She's mortal, father, and she's mine," he boasted in his happy pride, "and daughter of the famous Duke of Milan."

"Look down, ye Gods!" half-sobbed the good old Duke Gonzalo, "On this happy couple drop a blessed crown. It was you, O gods, that marked the way which brought us here." And the rest of the Neapolitans reverently said, "Amen."

The next few moments were happy ones while the joyous pair received the well wishes of their friends. But they were interrupted by shouts and loud halloos, as the master and the boatswain of the supposedly lost vessel with a troop of sailors came amazedly upon them. "The ship's all right, your majesty," called the boatswain. "Three glasses since, we thought she was split, but we find that she is tight and ready, and as bravely rigged as when we first put out to sea."

Early the next morning, the wind favorable, the golden sun lighting their pathway over the seas, the Neapolitans, with Duke Prospero and Miranda, set sail for their fatherland, where, as soon as could be arranged, the nuptials of the happy lovers were solemnized.

Back on the deserted island, Ariel was trying his wings as he flew now very close to the sky, or again lightly skimmed the seething waves along the coast; and Caliban, no longer under the evil influence of man, was roaming at will over the cypress-studded stretches, where he could harm no one, but could spend the day in amusing his dull soul with the witchery of the winds, the brightness of the birds, and the fragrance of the flowers which bestrewed his path.

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